



the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH



1. Once upon a time a little boy lived in a big house. Not far away in an old log cabin there lived a kindly old man called Uncle Remus and he, who remembered a lot of things that these days most other folks have forgotten, knew all the funny stories about Brer Rabbit who lived way down yonder in Briar Patch.

Every Saturday evening when lights were beginning to twinkle and tiny birds were seeking their nests, when the sinking sun, now low down the sky, was turning this old world of ours into a glory of golden light, the little boy would scamper down the patch that led to the cabin of Uncle Remus. There the gentle old man would be waiting to tell yet another tale of Brer Rabbit to the little boy.

Let us join them and listen while Uncle Remus tells the story of the time when Brer Fox dampened Brer Rabbit's feelings—and what happened afterwards.

2. "What does 'dampened Brer Rabbit's feelings' mean, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy and the old man chuckled. "If there's one thing I like about you as much as most, honey child," said he, "you allus ask good questions—so if you'll listen real close I'll surely tell you." And fondly he glanced at the eager face of the young boy.

Seems as though, went on Uncle Remus, that li'l Brer Rabbit wuz a-sunnin' himself one fine afternoon, 'neath a shady tree, lollin' around 'mid the buttercups, listenin' to the music of the bird-song and takin' it real easy.



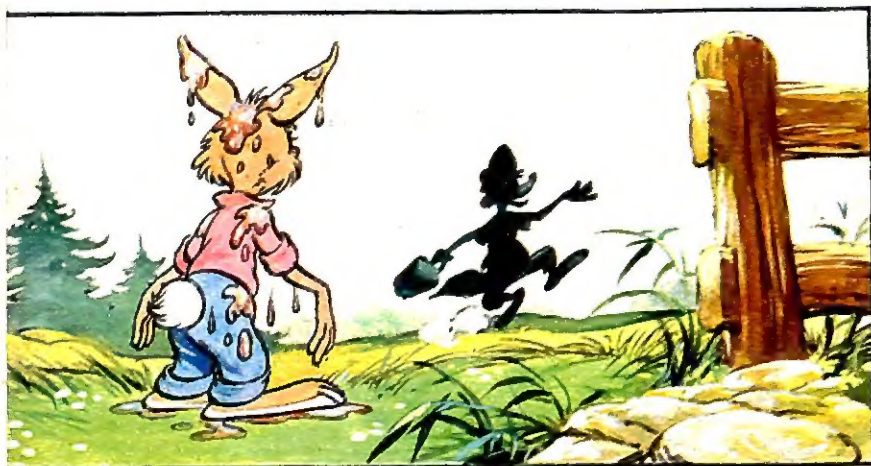


3. The sky wuz blue. On the other side of the meadow Sister Cow wuz lowin' sweet an' low. Nearby Brer Cricket wuz a-chirrupin'. A million bees wuz a-buzzin' an' all wuz right with Old Man World. Leastways, that's what Brer Rabbit wuz a-thinkin' as he lay there, nibbling away at a straw, like rabbits surely like to do. But all wuz not so right as Brer Rabbit thought it wuz for Brer Fox, that wily crafty cunning sneaky feller, wuz up that shady tree an' he had with him a big bucket of cold wet muddy water.



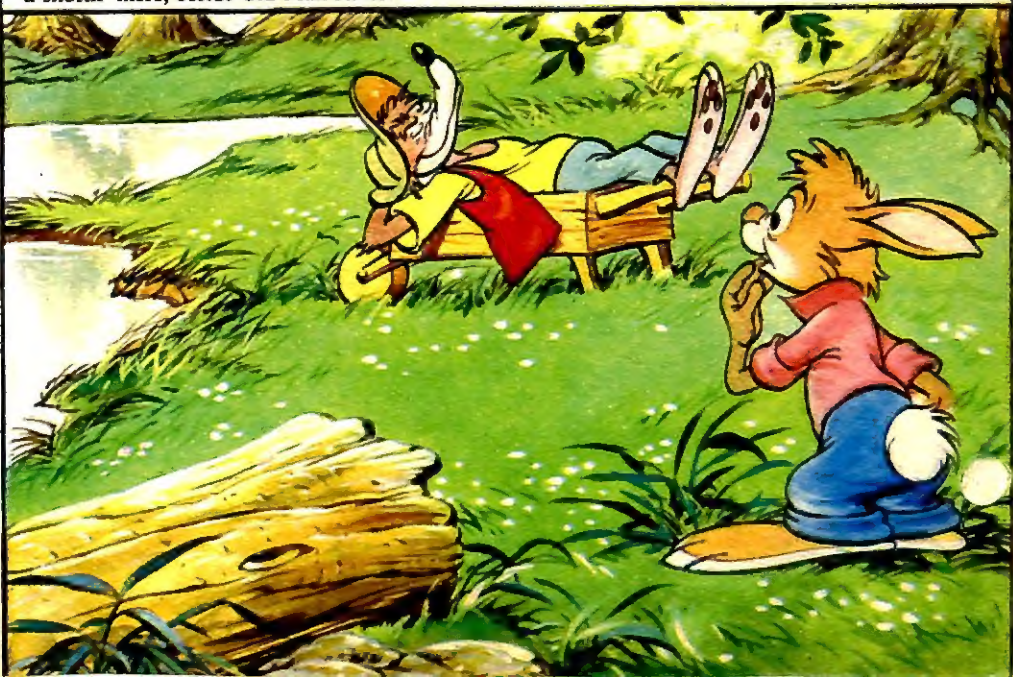
4. "What was Brer Fox doing up a tree with a bucket of water, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy. Uncle Remus grinned. "What he wuz doin'," said he, "I don't rightly know but I know what he wuzn't doin' an' what he wuzn't doin' wuz waterin' daisies. No, siree, he wuzn't." Now, you must know, went on Uncle Remus, 'cos I've told you lots of times what a mean old no-good animal that Brer Fox wuz. If he ever saw anyone enjoyin' life, he'd sure do his best to put a cat among the pigeons, he would. So there wuz a nasty grin on his ugly face when he emptied his bucket on li'l Brer Rabbit. *SPLOSH!* went all that muddy water an' that's when Brer Rabbit's feelin's were dampened for certain sure.

5. An' Brer Fox laughed an' laughed he did, when he saw Brer Rabbit soaked through to his furry skin. "Mebbe that will teach you not to play your mischief on me, Brer Rabbit," he says, says he. "I caught you that time, I did, good an' proper, I did, an' next time you think you'll get smart with me, mebbe you'll just have a second think. What say you, Brer Rabbit?" Well, Brer Rabbit wuzn't sayin' nothin' jest then, he wuzn't an' for why? 'Cos he had water in his mouth, water in his eyes, water in his ears an' water in all his pockets. "Hee, hee, hee. 'Water laugh!'" cackled old Brer Fox as he climbed down. But Brer Rabbit wuzn't understandin' the joke.



6. Well, by-an'-by Brer Rabbit managed to empty the water out of his pockets an' his eyes an' his ears an' his mouth and when he'd done this, he reckoned he could answer Brer Fox, he did. But Brer Fox had finished his laugh an' he wuz takin' his achin' sides home. "All righty, Brer Fox," muttered Brer Rabbit who wuz feelin' mighty put out. "It's your turn to laugh today, it is—but some folks say he who laughs last, laughs last an' there's allus another day, Brer Fox. So I'll wait my turn, I will, an' then we'll see who laughs last!"

7. Well, honey child, the story goes that more'n a week drifted by before Brer Rabbit got his chance—an' this wuz the way of it. One mornin' Brer Fox took his wheelbarrow an' went out lookin' for anythin' that didn't belong to him. Brer Fox was like that, he wuz—allus looking for to take other folk's property. But today although he hunted high and low, he didn't see nothin' worth the takin' an' at last he surely felt worn out an' tired so he jest sat down in his wheelbarrow an' fell fast asleep. That wuz how Brer Rabbit found him—jest a-lyin' there an' a-snorin' there, beside Old Man River.





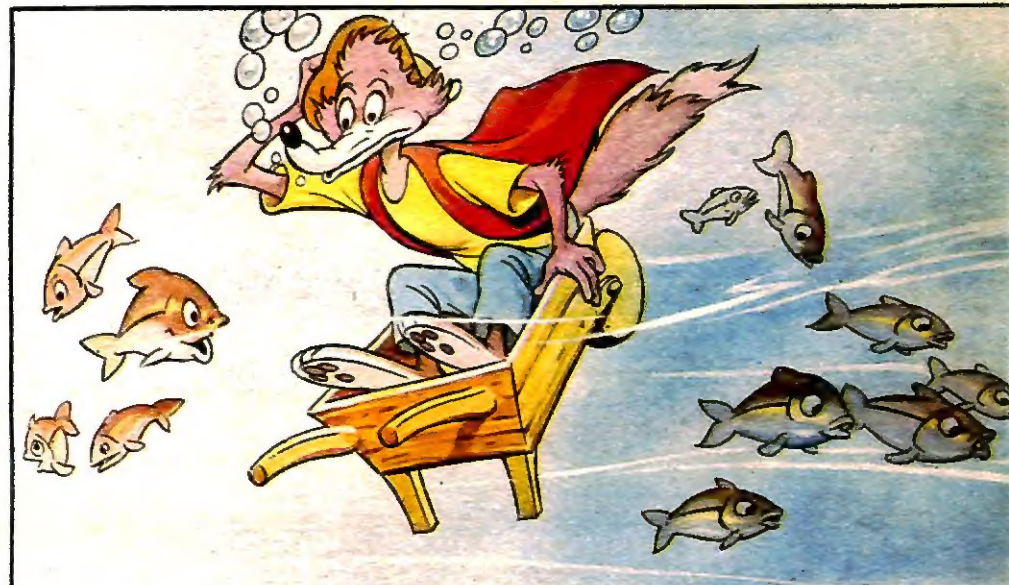
8. Deep in Dreamland wuz Brer Fox but little did he dream as he dreamed that Brer Rabbit wuz a-watchin' him and a-wonderin' how he could go about gettin' his last laugh. Fust he looked at Brer Fox, he did, an' then he looked at the river. Then way down deep in Brer Rabbit a chuckle started to bubble an' it bubbled an' bubbled until Brer Rabbit, he had to put his hand over his mouth so's he wouldn't bust out laughin' there an' then. Soon he tip-toed forward an' very very carefully an' very very quietly—so's he wouldn't wake Brer Fox—he pushed the wheelbarrow gently into the river!



9. The wheelbarrow floated out into the middle of the river, it did, an' Brer Rabbit jest sat on the grassy bank a-watchin' an' a-grinnin' an' a-waitin' to see what wuz going to happen next. An' what wuz going to happen next, happened next, when the wheelbarrow floated into the swift runs of the river an' started whirlin' like a top. That wuz when Brer Fox woke up an' fancied he wuz on a whizzin' roundabout that went up an' down, up an' down, as it went round an' round, round an' round.



10. "Help! Help!" shouted Brer Fox. "The whole world is goin' round an' round, an' up and down an' I don't like it!" "An' I didn't like it when you caught me good an' proper with all that dirty water last week, Brer Fox," called out Brer Rabbit. "You had your laugh then, you did, an' now it's my turn to laugh! Hee, hee, hee, Brer Fox! 'Water' laugh, eh? 'Water' last laugh!" Well, jest then an extra-big swirl of water lifted Brer Fox an' his wheelbarrow right up in the air an' Brer Fox thought he wuz going to touch the sky, he did. Up he went, up an' up an' UP! "Lawksie me," he wailed, "looks like I'm sure in for a-wettin'."



11. And a-wettin' wuz what Brer Fox got, sure as you wuz born, boy, 'cos that big whirl of water seemed to disappear it did an' with nothin' to hold up Brer Fox an' his wheelbarrow, both came a-tumblin' down, they did! SPER . . . LASH! (only much louder than that) went Brer Fox and wheelbarrow into the rushing whirling river, down an' down an' down till Brer Fox thought he'd never come up again.



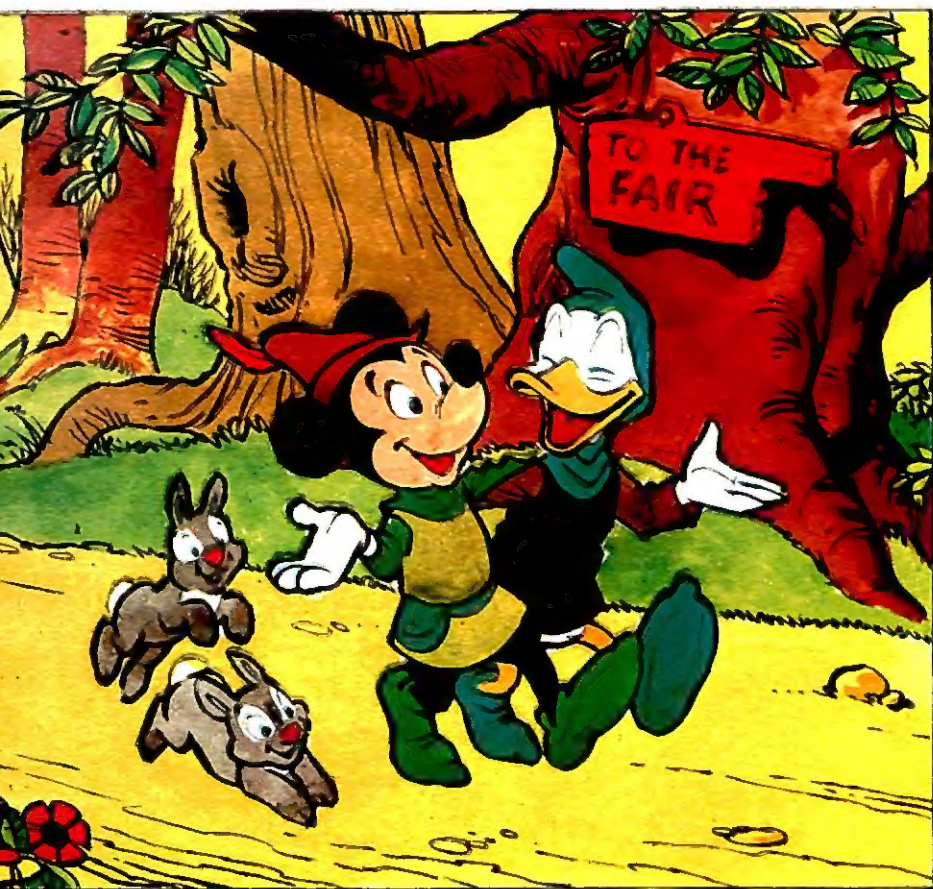
12. But come up again he did an' as he gasped an' spluttered an' choked an' guzzled an' grizzled, there wuz Brer Rabbit laughin' his last laugh as he'd never laughed before. Sad an' sorry wuz Brer Fox as he crawled out of the river—sad an' sorry an' wet an' muddy an' wishin' once again that he'd never seen nor never heard of Brer Rabbit an' that such a pesky little creature had never been born!

I'm cleverer than you!



1. Once upon a time this story really happened and if it had not happened then this story could never have been told, could it? It seems that there were two friends named Mickey and Donald. They lived together in a lovely little cottage that stood

beside a stream that wended its way through a beautiful wood where lived all sorts of gentle animals. Mickey and Donald were as happy as the day is long and time passed by in peace and contentment.



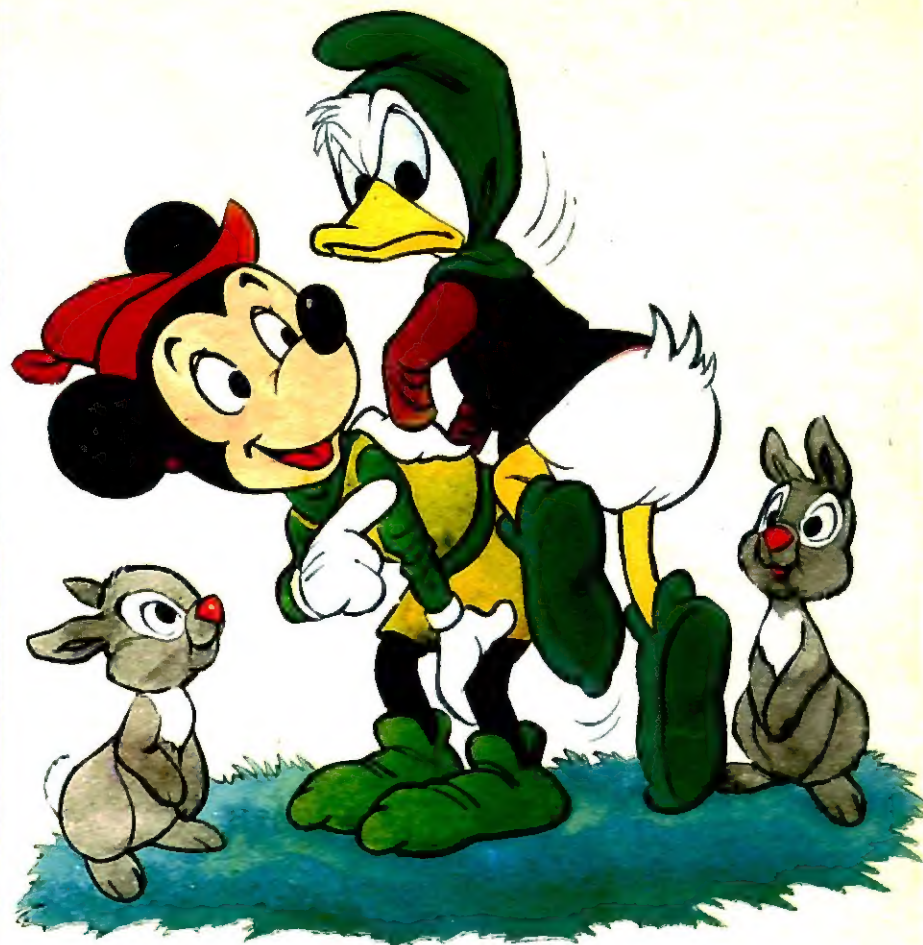
2. Never had two friends lived together in greater happiness. Then one day they had their first—and last—quarrel. This is how it all began and what happened thereafter. It was early morning as they set out to go to a fair that was being held in a nearby village.



3. Now as they strolled along, it chanced that Mickey told Donald, who had caught lots of fish the previous day, that he was a very good fisherman. Donald smiled. "That's because I'm a very clever fellow," said he. Mickey shook his head. "I said you are a very good fisherman and so you are but that doesn't make you a very clever fellow," he said. "In fact, if it comes to cleverness, I believe that I am a much cleverer fellow than you." Now this upset Donald and he glared at his friend. "You're *not*!" he shouted. "I am!" replied Mickey.



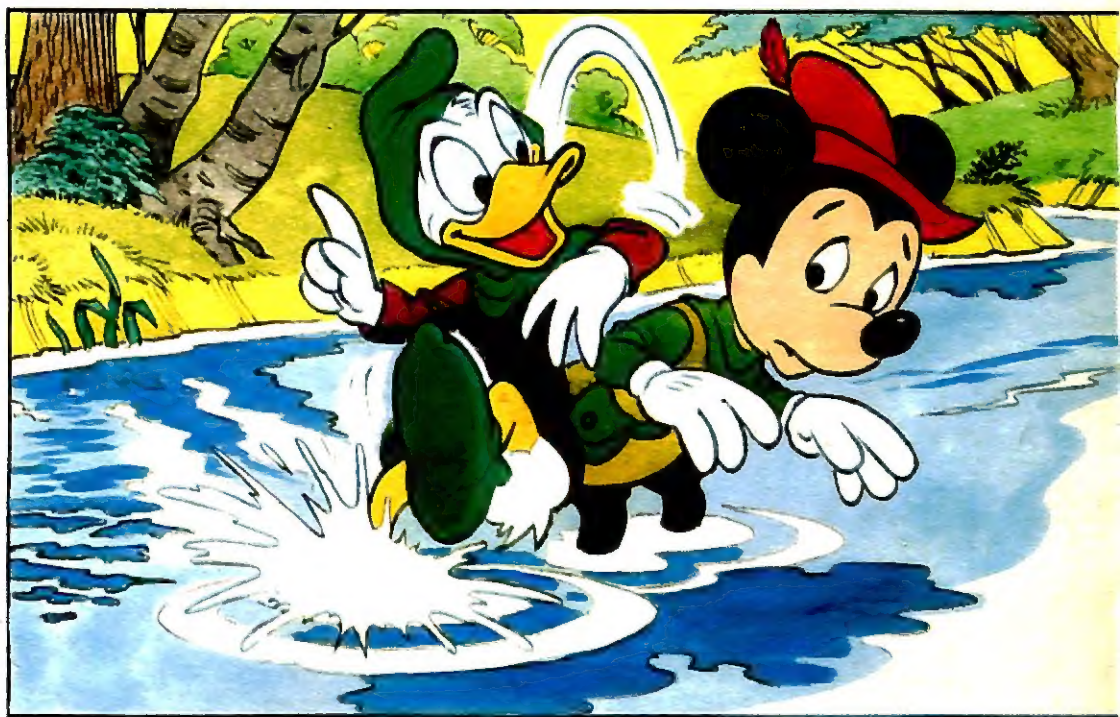
4. "Prove it!" cried Donald. "Well," said Mickey "What did the little candle say to the big candle?" "I'm going out tonight!" answered Donald. "Now you tell me what sea monsters eat?" "Fish and ships!" said Mickey. "And do you remember Oscar?" "Oscar who?" asked Donald. "Oscar silly question and you'll get a silly answer," Donald scowled. "Why are bridges annoying?" "Because they make people cross," said Mickey. "Well," said Donald, "there's a bridge that will make you *really* cross because it has fallen down."



5. The two friends forgot their quarrel. "Now how do we cross without getting our shoes wet?" Mickey wanted to know. Donald shook his head. "I don't know," he said. Well, they stood there and thought and thought. Then at last Mickey said, "Being a very clever chap, I can tell you. First of all I shall carry you across the river on my back then your shoes won't get wet. Next you must carry me over on *your* back and my shoes won't get wet." Donald agreed to this although he didn't like admitting that Mickey was so clever.



6. Donald climbed on to Mickey's back and slowly Mickey waded across. But when he was half-way across he suddenly stopped. "What now, clever Mick?" said Donald. "Why have you stopped?" "Because my shoes are wet!" replied Mickey.



7. "So your plan wasn't so clever, after all," sneered Donald. Poor Mickey blushed. He felt so silly. He didn't know what to say. "Well," went on Donald, "since you don't seem to have any further suggestions to make, perhaps you will allow *me* to help. After all, I *am* cleverer than you, am I not?" Mickey said nothing. "Now," went on Donald importantly, "I'll wait here while you go back and take off your shoes. Then come back and carry me the rest of the way. At least I won't get my shoes wet," and so saying Donald slid down off Mickey's back into the water.



8. Then Mickey waded back to the side of the river.



9. Mickey sat down and started to take off his socks and shoes when he heard Donald call out: "Mickey! Now my shoes are wet too!" "Silly Donald!" called out Mickey. "Come back and take them off!" So Donald trailed dismally back across the river.



10. When Donald had removed his shoes, the two simple fellows, carrying their wet shoes and socks, made their way across the river. "Well, Donald," smiled Mickey. "I don't think that I am any cleverer than you are." Donald chuckled. "And I'm certainly no cleverer than you, Mickey," he replied. And the two friends shook hands.



11. The hot sun soon dried their socks and shoes and then Mickey and Donald set off for the fair together. "Tell you what, Mickey," grinned Donald as they walked along, "there is something we can agree on. If I'm no cleverer than you, I'm no sillier either!" "And I'm no sillier than you, Donald," laughed Mickey. "We're both as silly as each other." And merrily they went on their way. The two friends had had their first—and last—quarrel for they never quarrelled again and they lived happily together for ever after.

ANIMALS OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

THIS WEEK:

THE BLACK BEAR



1. Five weeks had passed since the little black bear cub and his big shaggy mother had left the ice-bound den in which, deep under the snows, the little cub had been born. Since then they had wandered, following in the footsteps of tens of thousands of their kind who had passed that way before.



2. That afternoon, they swung along a deeply trodden path, searching for signs that had been left behind by other bears. For instance, there stood a soft-barked aspen tree with precious little bark left around its trunk. For twelve feet up or more the messages of bears who had passed were deeply scored—the marks of their claws and teeth. The cub's mother sniffed the trunk and bristled. She did not so much as touch it with her big wet nose and she began to growl and back away. Because his mother bristled and growled, the cub too, bristled and growled.



3. The mother had smelt the scent of the wild animals' greatest enemy, man! A hunter earlier that day had sat down, leaning his back against the tree and eaten some sandwiches he had brought with him. After half-an-hour he had departed. But he had left his scent for the she-bear to pick up. She stole silently away from the aspen-tree, followed by her offspring. Thus they came, before long, to a deep little valley and in the centre of it was a huge monstrous boulder on which sprawled another bear. It was twice the size of the cub's mother and lighter in coat. Its eyes glinted wickedly. It was a grizzly.



4. The grizzly, always a ferocious animal, bared her teeth savagely at the two black bears and mother bear turned and ran with her cub close behind her. Out of sight of the grizzly, the mother nosed her cub ahead of her and spanked him so that he would never forget. In this way she taught him that when a grizzly appeared, it was time to get a hustle on. For two hours they fled from the mighty bear and the mother spanked the cub most of the way.



6. In many ways she was a good and loving mother but now, face to face with the fiery terror, she all but forgot her cub. Finding himself overtaken by his mother and then left behind he squealed and ran faster than ever. But the she-bear disappeared from sight ahead of him and then he did a very foolish thing. He turned to one side—and lost his mother.



5. That evening two woodsmen forgot to put out their fire when they left camp and the breeze fanned the glowing embers into flame.

Soon little flame devils were running along the dry grass and suddenly there came a booming and crashing as of explosions. The forest was on fire and now it was every animal for itself.

When the mother bear smelt the smoke and heard the flames roaring through the trees, she started off downwind just as fast as her son could travel.



7. Many bear cubs lose their mothers during forest fires and most of these cubs perish as this little cub would have perished but for a stroke of luck. He tumbled head over heels into a gully that ran down hill. An endless stream of animals was racing down that gully—squirrels, martens, a mother white-tail deer and her fawn—all terrified by the raging fire. The cub was looking for his mother and tried to run against the other animals but he was knocked over and trodden on.



8. Then two men came running down the gulley and the bear cub scrambled frantically out of their path. But too late! One of the men snatched him up by the loose skin of his shoulders and sped after his companion down the gulley.

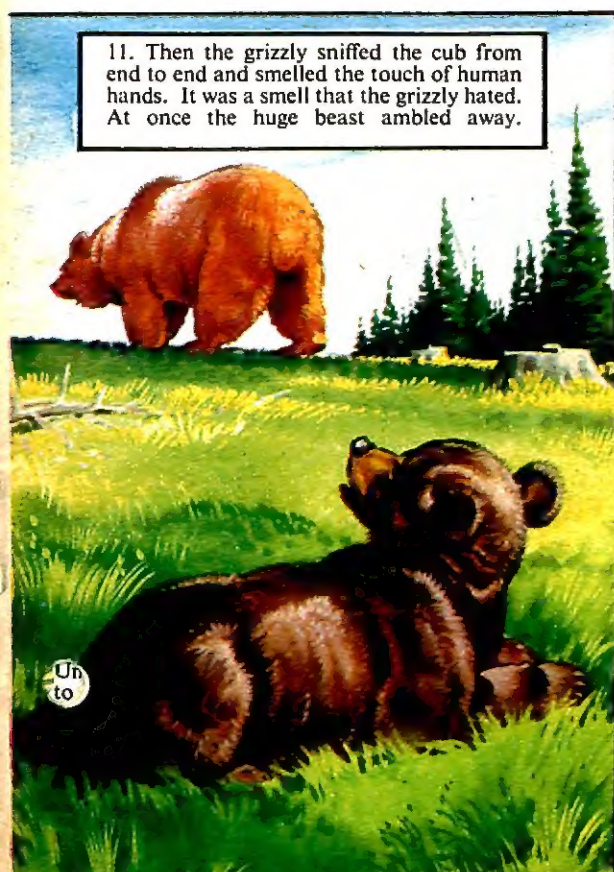


9. Less than a mile away, the men reached the strong-running river and in the company of other frightened beings made their way across the foaming water.



10. On the other side the man released the bear cub and he scampered away into the thick undergrowth. Then he howled and made a great hullabaloo, calling to his mother. She was nowhere near and certainly out of earshot.

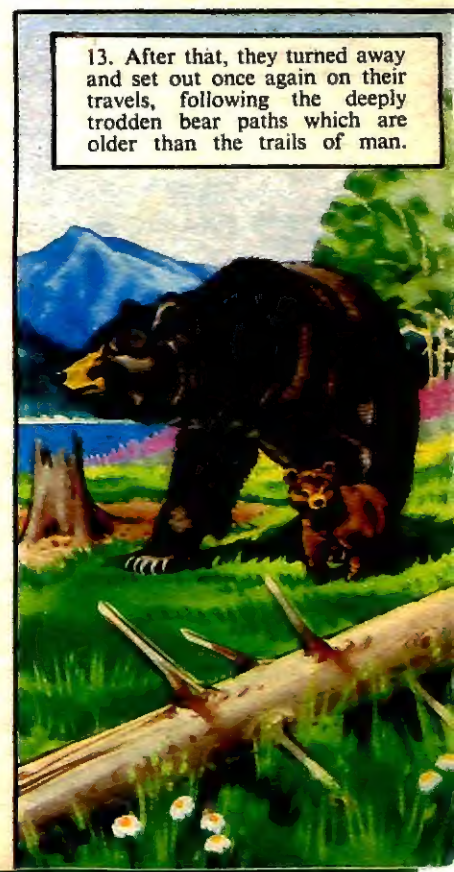
It was another bear that answered the cub's outcries—the grizzly! When the cub saw the mighty bear lumbering towards him, he crouched flat on the ground, his small wet nose between his forepaws. Beside the huge bear the cub looked such a tiny little thing. At first nothing happened.



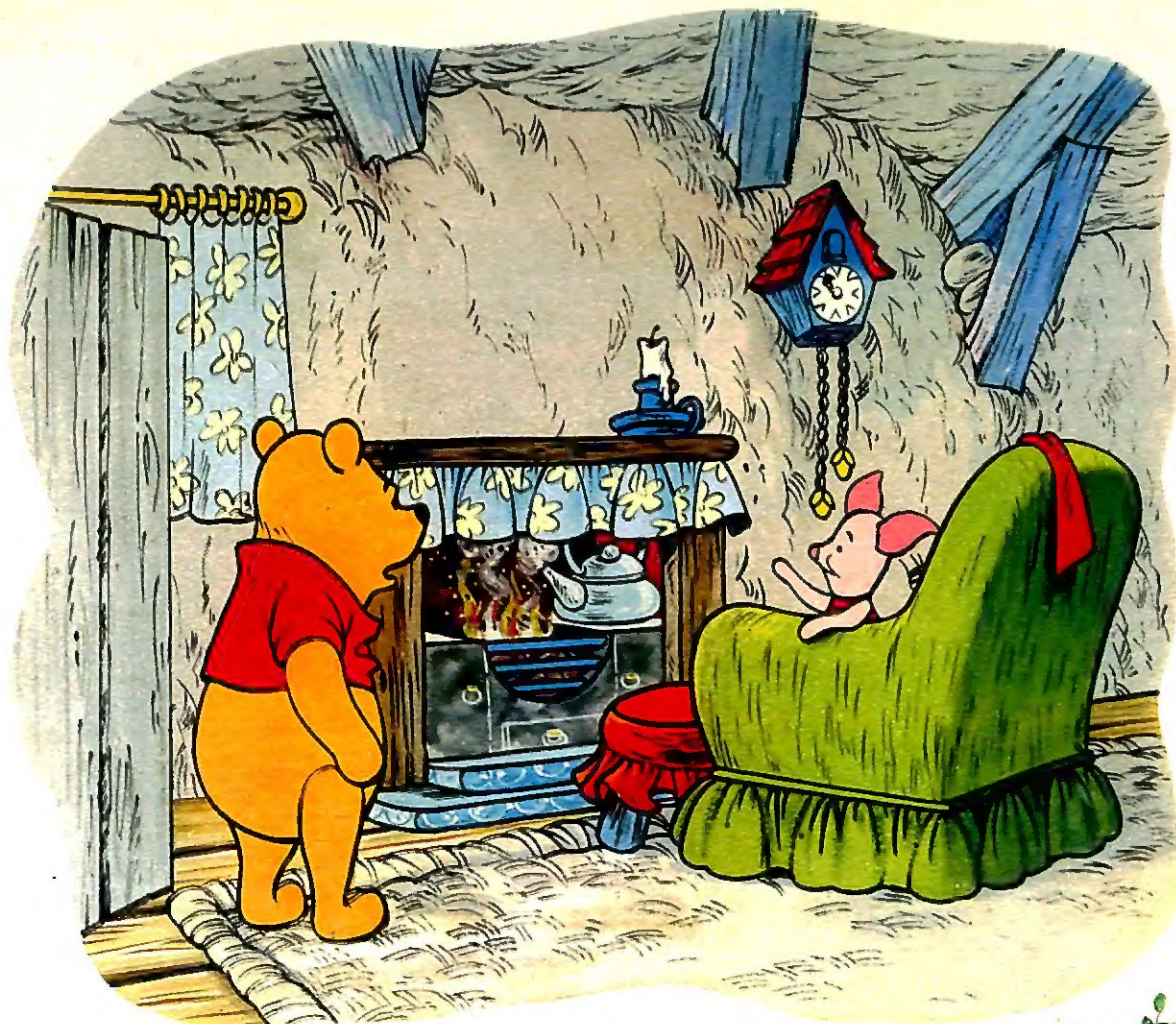
11. Then the grizzly sniffed the cub from end to end and smelled the touch of human hands. It was a smell that the grizzly hated. At once the huge beast ambled away.



12. The following day, the mother found the cub. She came upon her young in a poplar thicket and gave him a sound spanking. Then she led him away to a very muddy place and there she rolled him over and over and splattered him in the mud—this to get rid, once and forever, of the scent of men and the scent of the grizzly which still clung to the cub.



13. After that, they turned away and set out once again on their travels, following the deeply trodden bear paths which are older than the trails of man.



The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which a house is built at Pooh Corner for Eeyore

One day when Pooh Bear had nothing else to do, he thought he would do something, so he went round to Piglet's house to see what Piglet was doing. It was still snowing as he stumped over the white forest track, and he expected to find Piglet warming his toes in front of his fire, but to his surprise he saw that the door was open, and the more he looked inside the more Piglet wasn't there.

"He's out," said Pooh sadly. "That's what it is. He's not in. I shall have to go a fast Thinking Walk by myself. Bother!"

But first he thought that he would knock very loudly just to make quite sure . . . and while he waited for Piglet to answer, he jumped up and down to keep warm, and a hum came suddenly into his head, which seemed to him a Good Hum, such as is Hummed Hopefully to Others.

The more it snows
(Tiddely pom),

The more it goes
(Tiddely pom),
The more it goes
(Tiddely pom),
On snowing.
And nobody knows
(Tiddely pom),
How cold my toes
(Tiddely pom),
How cold my toes
(Tiddely pom),
Are growing.

"So what I'll do," said Pooh, "is I'll do this. I'll just go home first and see what the time is, and perhaps I'll put a muffler round my neck, and then I'll go and see Eeyore and sing it to him."

He hurried back to his own house; and his mind was so busy on the way with the hum that he was getting ready for Eeyore that, when he suddenly saw Piglet sitting in his best arm-chair,

he could only stand there rubbing his head and wondering whose house he was in.

"Hallo, Piglet," he said. "I thought you were out."

"No," said Piglet, "it's you who were out, Pooh."

"So it was," said Pooh. "I knew one of us was."

He looked up at his clock, which had stopped at five minutes to eleven some weeks ago.

"Nearly eleven o'clock," said Pooh happily. "You're just in time for a little smackerel of something," and he put his head into the cupboard. "And then we'll go out, Piglet, and sing my song to Eeyore."

"Which song, Pooh?"

"The one we're going to sing to Eeyore," explained Pooh.

The clock was still saying five minutes to eleven when Pooh and Piglet set out on their way half an hour later. The wind had dropped, and the snow, tired of rushing round in circles trying to catch itself up, now fluttered gently down until it found a place on which to rest, and sometimes the place was Pooh's nose and sometimes it wasn't, and in a little while Piglet was wearing a white muffler round his neck and feeling more snowy behind the ears than he had ever felt before.

"Pooh," he said at last, and a little timidly, because he didn't want Pooh to think he was Giving In, "I was just wondering. How would it be if we went home now and practised your song, and then sang it to Eeyore tomorrow—or or the next day, when we happen to see him?"

"That's a very good idea, Piglet," said Pooh. "We'll practise it now as we go along. But it's no good going home to practise it, because it's a special Outdoor Song which Has To Be Sung In The Snow."

"Are you sure?" asked Piglet anxiously.

"Well, you'll see, Piglet, when you listen. Because this is how it begins. *The more it snows, tiddely pom—*"

"Tiddely what?" said Piglet.

"Pom," said Pooh. "I put that in to make it more hummy. *The more it goes, tiddely pom, the more—*"

"Didn't you say snows?"

"Yes, but that was *before*."

"Before the tiddely pom?"

"It was a *different* tiddely pom," said Pooh, feeling rather muddled now. "I'll sing it to you properly and then you'll see."

So he sang it again.





The more it
SNOWS-tiddely-pom,
The more it
GOES-tiddely-pom
The more it
GOES-tiddely-pom
On
Snowing.
And nobody
KNOWS-tiddely-pom,
How cold my
TOES-tiddely-pom
How cold my
TOES-tiddely-pom
Are
Growing.

He sang it like that, which is much the best way of singing it, and when he had finished, he waited for Piglet to say that, of all the Outdoor Hums for Snowy Weather he had ever heard, this was the best. And, after thinking the matter out carefully, Piglet said:

"Pooh," he said solemnly, "it isn't the *toes* so much as the *ears*."

By this time they were getting near Eeyore's Gloomy Place, which was where he lived, and as it was still very snowy behind Piglet's ears, and he was getting tired of it, they turned into a little pine-wood, and sat down on the gate which led into it. They were out of the snow now, but it was very cold, and to keep themselves warm they sang Pooh's song right through six times, Piglet doing the tiddely-poms and Pooh doing the rest of it, and both of them thumping on top of the gate with pieces of stick at the proper places. And in a little while they felt much warmer, and were able to talk again.

"I've been thinking," said Pooh, "and what I've been thinking is this. I've been thinking about Eeyore."

"What about Eeyore?"

"Well, poor Eeyore has nowhere to live."

"Nor he has," said Piglet.

"You have a house, Piglet, and I have a house, and they are very good houses. And Christopher Robin has a house, and Owl and Kanga and Rabbit have houses, and even Rabbit's friends and relations have houses or somethings, but poor Eeyore has nothing. So what I've been thinking is: Let's build him a house."

"That," said Piglet, "is a Grand Idea. Where shall we build it?"

"We will build it here," said Pooh, "just by this wood, out of the wind, because this is where I thought of it. And we will call this Pooh Corner. And we will build an Eeyore

House with sticks at Pooh Corner for Eeyore."

"There was a heap of sticks on the other side of the wood," said Piglet. "I saw them. Lots and lots. All piled up."

"Thank you, Piglet," said Pooh. "What you have just said will be a Great Help to us, and because of it I could call this place Poohanpiglet Corner if Pooh Corner didn't sound better, which it does, being smaller and more like a corner. Come along."

So they got down off the gate and went round to the other side of the wood to fetch the sticks.

* * *

Christopher Robin had spent the morning indoors going to Africa and back, and he had just got off the boat and was wondering what it was like outside, when who should come knocking at the door but Eeyore.

"Hallo, Eeyore," said Christopher Robin, as he opened the door and came out. "How are you?"

"It's snowing still," said Eeyore gloomily.

"So it is."

"And freezing."

"Is it?"

"Yes," said Eeyore. "However," he said, brightening up a little, "we haven't had an earthquake lately."

"What's the matter, Eeyore?"

"Nothing, Christopher Robin. Nothing important. I suppose you haven't seen a house or what-not anywhere about?"

"What sort of a house?"

"Just a house."

"Who lives there?"

"I do. At least I thought I did. But I suppose I don't. After all, we can't all have houses."

"But, Eeyore, I didn't know—I always thought—"

"I don't know how it is, Christopher Robin, but what with all this snow and one thing and another, not to mention icicles and such-like, it isn't so Hot in my field about three o'clock in the morning as some people think it is. It isn't Close, if you know what I mean—not so as to be uncomfortable. It isn't Stuffy. In fact, Christopher Robin," he went on in a loud whisper, "quite-between-ourselves-and-don't-tell-anybody, it's Cold."

"Oh, Eeyore!"

"And I said to myself: The others will be sorry if I'm getting myself all cold. They haven't got Brains, any of them, only grey fluff that's blown into their heads by mistake, and they don't Think, but if it goes on snowing for another six weeks or so, one of them will begin to say to himself: 'Eeyore can't be so very much too Hot about three o'clock in the morning.' And then it will Get About. And they'll be Sorry."

"Oh, Eeyore!" said Christopher Robin, feeling very sorry already.

"I don't mean you, Christopher Robin. You're different. So what it all comes to is that



I built myself a house down by my little wood."

"Did you really? How exciting!"

"The really exciting part," said Eeyore in his most melancholy voice, "is that when I left it this morning it was there, and when I came back it wasn't. Not at all, very natural, and it was only Eeyore's house. But still I just wondered."

Christopher Robin didn't stop to wonder. He was already back in *his* house, putting on his waterproof hat, his waterproof boots, and his waterproof macintosh as fast as he could.

"We'll go and look for it at once," he called out to Eeyore.

"Sometimes," said Eeyore, "when people



have quite finished taking a person's house, there are one or two bits which they don't want and are rather glad for the person to take back, if you know what I mean. So I thought if we just went—"

"Come on," said Christopher Robin, and off they hurried, and in a very little time they got to the corner of the field by the side of the





pine-wood, where Eeyore's house wasn't any longer.

"There!" said Eeyore. "Not a stick of it left! Of course, I've still got all this snow to do what I like with. One mustn't complain."

But Christopher Robin wasn't listening to Eeyore, he was listening to something else.

"Can you hear it?" he asked.

"What is it? Somebody laughing?"

"Listen."

They both listened . . . and they heard a deep gruff voice saying in a singing voice that the more it snowed the more it went on snowing, and a small high voice tiddely-pomming in between.

"It's Pooh," said Christopher Robin excitedly . . .

"Possibly," said Eeyore.

"And Piglet!" said Christopher Robin excitedly.

"Probably," said Eeyore. "What we want is a Trained Bloodhound."

The words of the song changed suddenly.

"We've finished our HOUSE!" sang the gruff voice.

"Tiddely pom!" sang the squeaky one.

"It's a beautiful HOUSE . . ."

"Tiddely pom . . ."

"I wish it were MINE . . ."

"Tiddely pom . . ."

"Pooh!" shouted Christopher Robin . . .

The singers on the gate stopped suddenly.

"It's Christopher Robin!" said Pooh eagerly.

"He's round by the place where we got all those sticks from," said Piglet.

"Come on," said Pooh.

They climbed down their gate and hurried round the corner of the wood, Pooh making welcoming noises all the way.

"Why, here *is* Eeyore," said Pooh, when he had finished hugging Christopher Robin, and he nudged Piglet, and Piglet nudged him, and

they thought to themselves what a lovely surprise they had got ready. "Hallo, Eeyore."

"Same to you, Pooh Bear, and twice on Thursdays," said Eeyore gloomily.

Before Pooh could say: "Why Thursdays?" Christopher Robin began to explain the sad story of Eeyore's Lost House. And Pooh and Piglet listened, and their eyes seemed to get bigger and bigger.

"Where did you say it was?" asked Pooh.

"Just here," said Eeyore.

"Made of sticks?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Piglet.

"What?" said Eeyore.

"I just said 'Oh!'" said Piglet nervously. And so as to seem quite at ease he hummed tiddely-pom once or twice in a what-shall-we-do-now kind of way.

"You're sure it *was* a house?" said Pooh.

"I mean, you're sure the house was just here?"

"Of course I am," said Eeyore. And he murmured to himself, "No brain at all, some of them."

"Why, what's the matter, Pooh?" asked Christopher Robin.

"Well," said Pooh . . . "The fact *is*," said Pooh . . .

"Well, the fact *is*," said Pooh . . .

"You see," said Pooh . . . "It's like this," said Pooh, and something seemed to tell him that he wasn't explaining very well, and he nudged Piglet again.

"It's like this," said Piglet quickly . . .

"Only warmer," he added after deep thought.

"What's warmer?"

"The other side of the wood, where Eeyore's house is."

"My house?" said Eeyore. "My house was here."

"No," said Piglet firmly. "The other side of the wood."

"Because of being warmer," said Pooh.

"But I ought to *know*—"

"Come and look," said Piglet simply, and he led the way.

"There wouldn't be *two* houses," said Pooh.

"Not so close together."

They came round the corner, and there was Eeyore's house, looking as comfy as anything.

"There you are," said Piglet.

"Inside as well as outside," said Pooh proudly.

Eeyore went inside . . . and came out again.

"It's a remarkable thing," he said. "It *is* my house, and I built it where I said I did, so the wind must have blown it here. And the wind blew it right over the wood, and blew it down here, and here it is as good as ever. In fact, better in places."

"Much better," said Pooh and Piglet together.

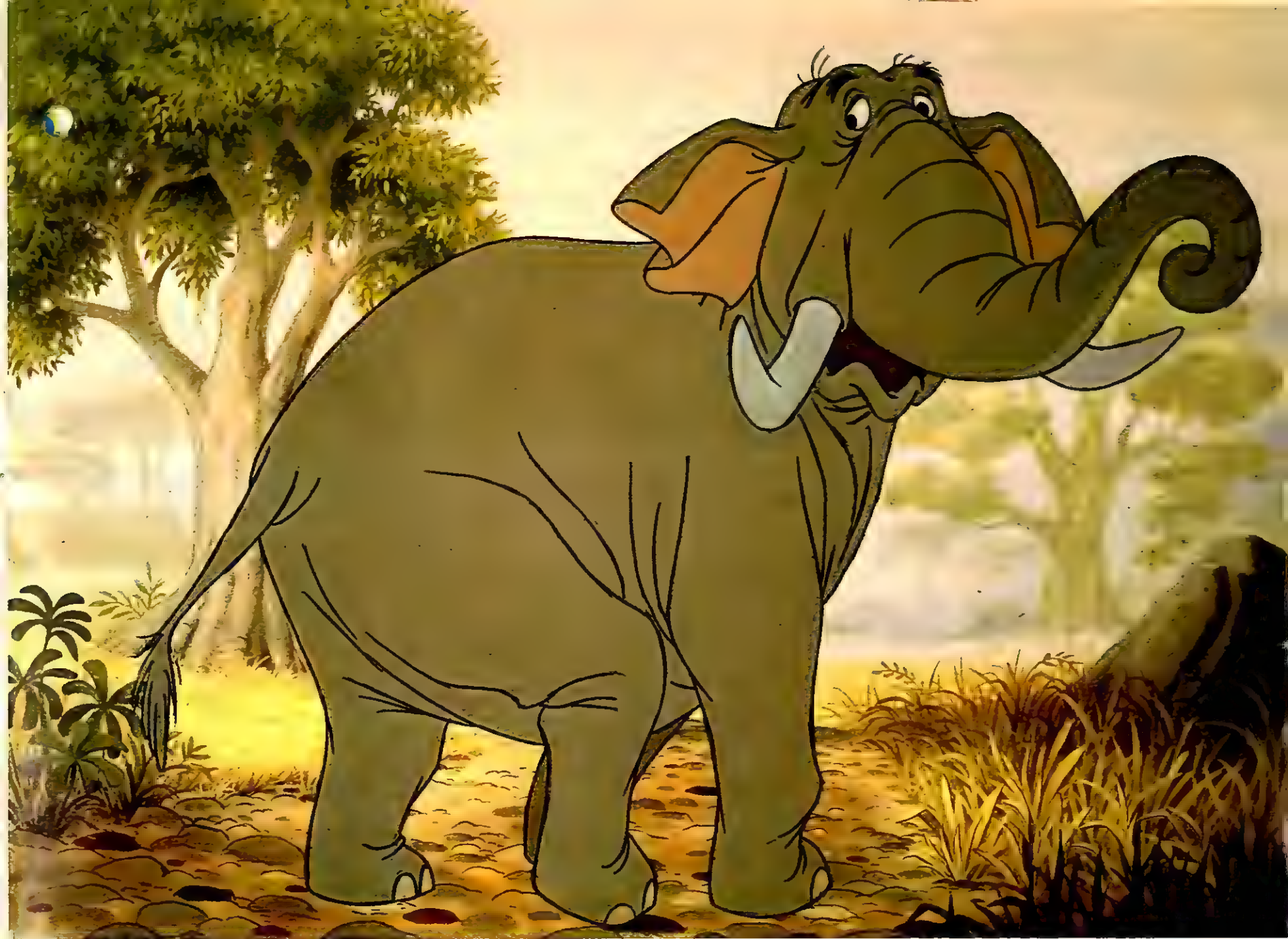
"It just shows what can be done by taking a little trouble," said Eeyore. "Do you see, Pooh? Do you see, Piglet? Brains first and then Hard Work. Look at it! *That's* the way to build a house," said Eeyore proudly.

* * *

So they left him to it; and Christopher Robin went back to lunch with his friends Pooh and Piglet, and on the way they told him of the Awful Mistake they had made. And when he had finished laughing, they all sang the Outdoor Song for Snowy Weather the rest of the way home, Piglet, who was still not quite sure of his voice, putting in the tiddely-poms again.

"And I know it *seems* easy," said Piglet to himself, "but it isn't *every one* who could do it."

Next week Tigger comes to the Forest



“Did you call?” asks Colonel Hathi

The answer is “Yes, we *did* call you, Colonel Hathi, because this week we wanted to give all our readers a big picture of you.”

As everybody knows, Colonel Hathi is the lovable elephant-soldier from Walt Disney’s wonderful cartoon film “The Jungle Book” which was based on a very famous book by the great writer Rudyard Kipling. It was

Rudyard Kipling who wrote in one of his poems “The elephant is a gentleman” and surely if ever there was a gentleman born, it is Colonel Hathi, the pride of the Elephant Brigade.

And now to make you laugh—and laugh again—here is a very funny poem about an elephant written by Laura E. Richards.

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I’ve got it right.)

Howe’er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I’d better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

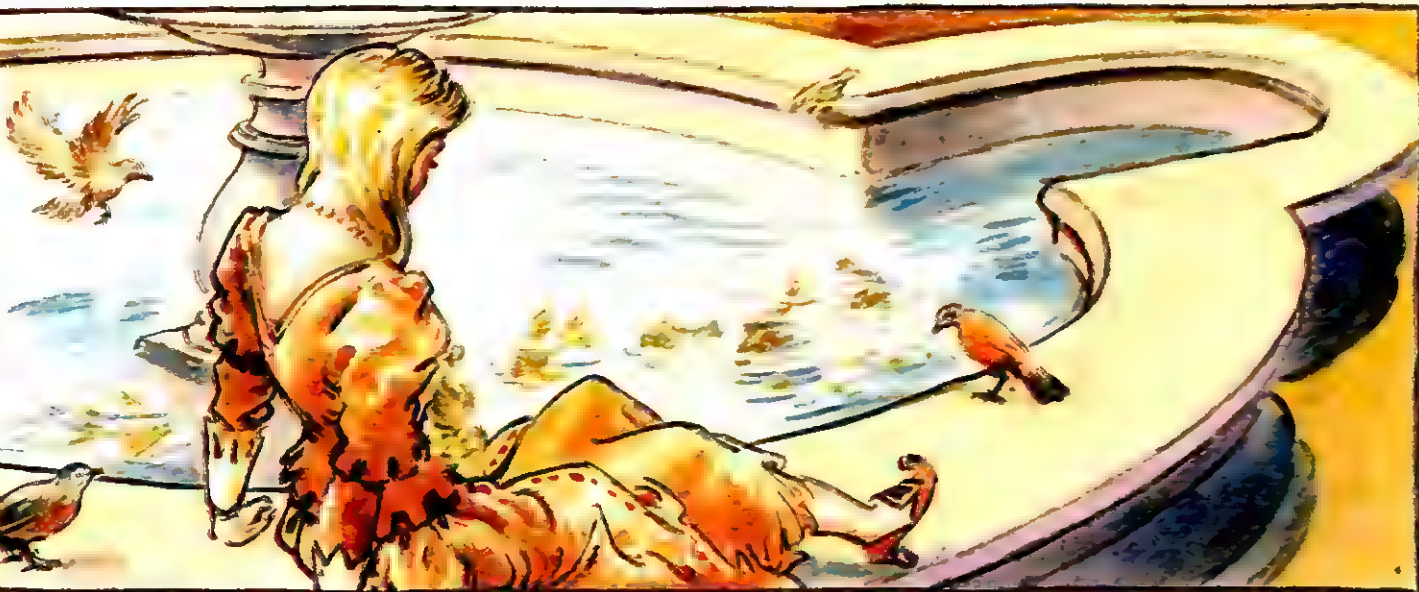
“Bah!” snorts Colonel Hathi as he stalks away. “What nonsense! You’ll be telling me next about the elebone that tried to make a ‘trunk’ call on the teledome! Tut! Now you’ve got me doing it! Good-bye! It’s time I got my soldiers out on parade!”

The PRINCESS who couldn't MAKE UP HER MIND



1. Once upon a time in the fairy faraway land of Marzipan there lived a beautiful Princess. When she was born she was named Roxanne but as she grew up her parents always called her "Little Miss Don't Know". Can you guess why? Well, whenever she had to make a choice about anything, she could never make up her mind. For instance, she could never make up her mind whether to have eggs or kippers for breakfast, whether to go to bed early or late, or whether to wear a red or yellow dress for the palace ball. *You* are never like that, are you?

2. Poor Roxanne (or shall we call her "Little Miss Don't Know"?!) She wasn't very happy and she used to sit for hours in the garden, listening to the birds singing their merry songs and watching the beautiful goldfish flirting their graceful fins and tails in the palace fountain. "Oh, if only I could make up my mind whenever I am asked to choose between one thing and another," she would sigh.



3. Well, time passed by and the princess grew lovelier and lovelier, fairer indeed than any other maiden in the sunny land of Marzipan. "Which is only as it should be," the people would say. But then came the time for the Princess to marry. Handsome young men—Princes, Dukes, Earls, Barons and Lords—came from far and near, seeking her hand in marriage. But opening her eyes very wide she answered to one and all: "I don't know."





4. Now the fact that Princess Roxanne couldn't make up her mind who she would like to marry, reached the ears of a certain great big red-haired giant named Huge Hugh Blunderbore. "Well," he chuckled one fine morning to Nero, his pet raven, "if the Princess can't make up her mind for herself, just you watch me make up her mind for her." "I've no doubt you will," nodded the raven gruffly.

5. That same afternoon Huge Hugh brushed and combed his bright red hair, of which he was so proud, put on his seven-mile boots and set off for the Palace where Princess Roxanne lived. Every stride took him exactly seven miles and as the distance to the Palace was seventy miles you can easily work out (if you are *very* clever) that it took him just ten paces to get there.

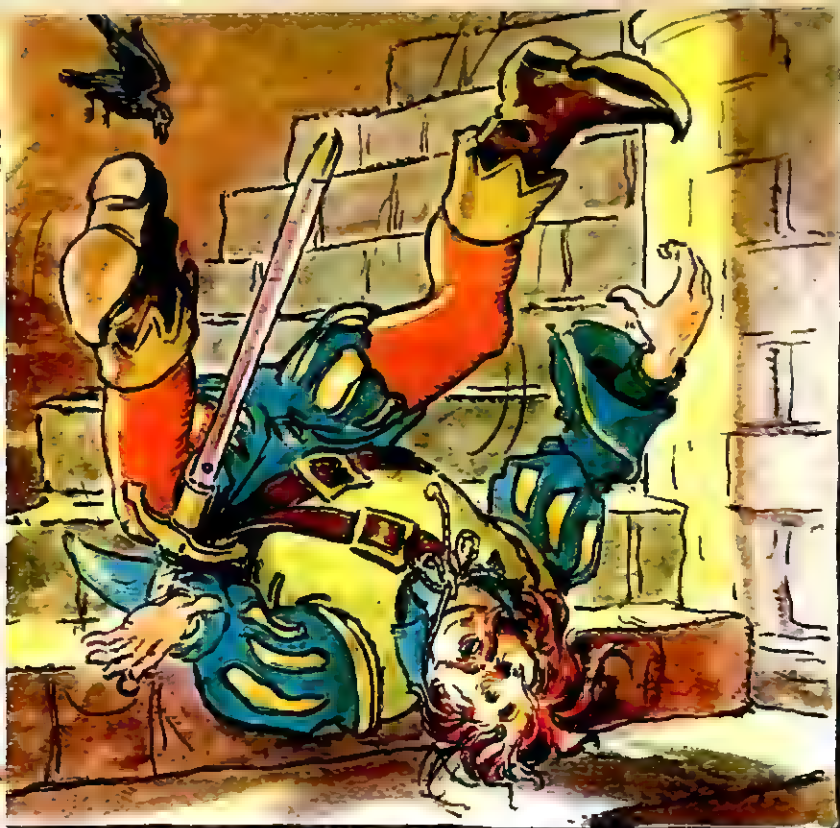


6. "Hip-hip-hooray and hip, hip, HIP! I've got you fast within my grip!" roared Huge Hugh, seizing Roxanne as she sat sighing (as usual) beside the palace fountain. "Don't know who you want to marry, eh? Well, I can tell you. You're going to marry ME!" And so saying, the giant carried the Princess away. Although she struggled and fought to free herself, Roxanne could not break the giant's iron grip.

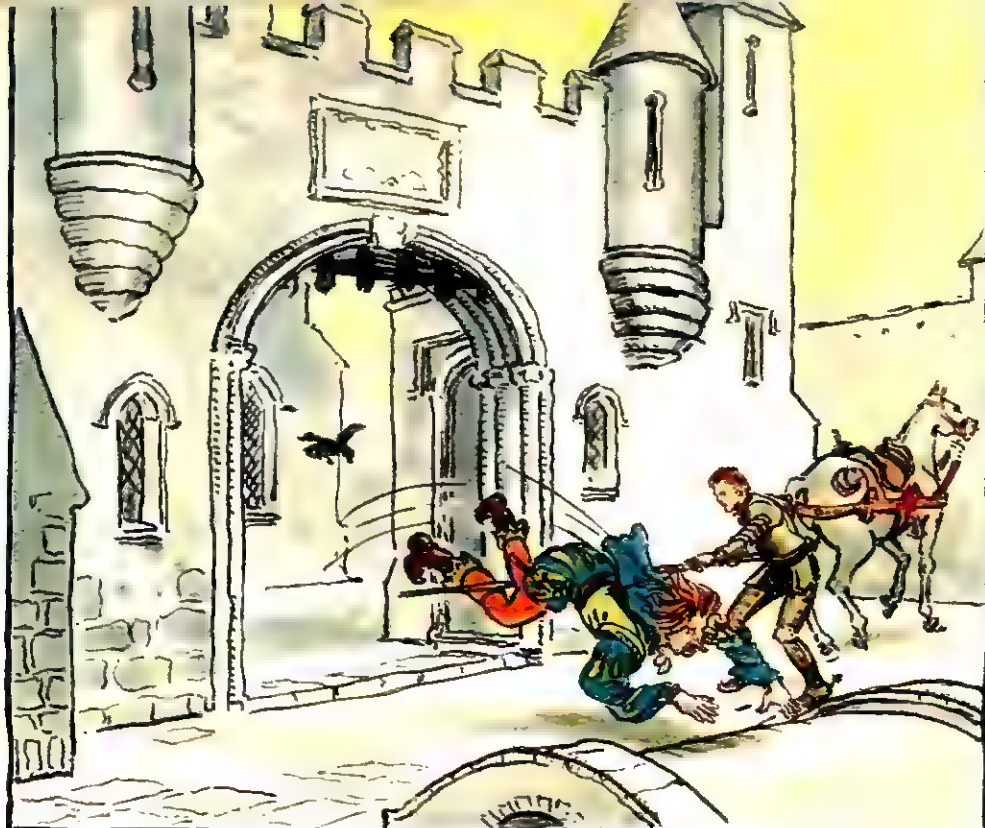
7. Now it so happened that only one person saw the Princess carried away by the giant and this was a handsome knight riding a snow-white horse. He set off at top speed after the giant. But, of course, although the horse could gallop faster than any other horse in the Kingdom it took much longer to cover the seventy miles to Huge Hugh's castle than did the giant.

8. The knight was known as Sir Gareth the Gallant because he was such a brave fighter. He reined in his horse outside the giant's castle. He knew Huge Hugh of old and he knew, too, exactly how to make the giant very angry. You see, Hugh was very proud of his bright red hair and he wanted everyone to admire it. So imagine how furious he was when, as he was locking up Roxanne in the topmost turret of his castle, he heard a voice shouting, "Hey, Huge Hugh, when did you last cut that carrotty-red thatch of yours? Everybody says that birds are now nesting amongst all those tangles."





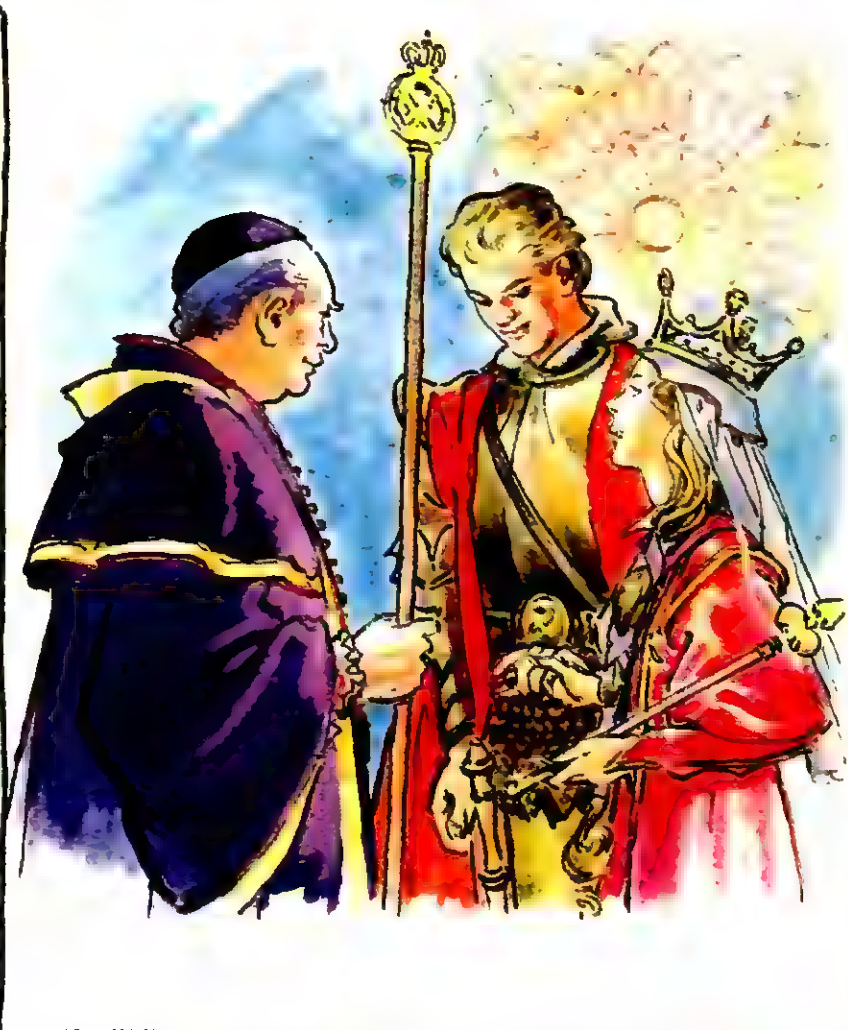
9. "Eh? What's that?" roared the giant, sticking his head out of the window. "Who said that?" Sir Gareth raised his shining sword and shook it at Huge Hugh. "I did!" he replied merrily. "And if you care to come out of your castle I'll give you such a hair-cut with my trusty sword as you've never had before." Then he added, "What do you say, *ginger-nut*?" Huge Hugh was in such a hurry to lay his big hands on Sir Gareth that he raced towards the spiral staircase leading down to his great hall but tripped at the top and **BUMP! BUMPETY-CRASH! CRASH! BO-DONK! DONK! DONK!** He tumbled down.



10. "That was an extremely careless and very silly thing to do," squawked Nero the raven. Huge Hugh sat up, very very angry indeed. He patted himself all over, to make sure that he was still all together and then clambering to his feet, he dashed towards the great front door of his castle, just itching to get Sir Gareth in his grasp. "Just because he's called Sir Gareth the Gallant he needn't think he can speak to me like that," thought Huge Hugh. "I'll teach that tin-plated lad not to make fun of Huge Hugh," he shouted. But Sir Gareth was hiding to one side of the door as the giant ran through. Swiftly Gareth thrust his long lance between the giant's legs and **CLONK!** down crashed Hugh again. This time he struck his big nose on a paving stone and it seemed to Hugh as though his head was full of bright twinkling stars.



11. While Huge Hugh was busily rubbing his eyes, trying to rub away all those bothersome stars, Sir Gareth sped into the castle, calling for the Princess Roxanne. Hearing her name, she answered his call and before she could say: "Thankgoodness-you'vesavedmeIneverdidlikered-hairedgiants!" (just like that—all one word) the gallant knight had raced up to the top most turret, found Roxanne, taken her hand and led her, as quickly as he could, down the castle stairs, carried her over the giant who was blocking the entrance to the castle, mounted his horse and swung her up behind him. Then "Forward, White Rose!" he shouted to his great horse and together knight and princess galloped away to safety.



12. "Well, you're safe now, your highness," smiled Sir Gareth as they rode along. "This wouldn't have happened if you had been able to make up your mind. You see, if I were your husband, no giant would ever carry you away again. So will you marry me?" Roxanne opened her eyes wide. "I don't know," she whispered. Sir Gareth took a deep breath. "Very well, then—since you don't know if you'll marry me, I will marry you!" And with these words he took her straight to the great abbey of Marzipan and there ordered the abbot to marry them. When the abbot asked Roxanne if she would marry Sir Gareth, she opened her eyes wide and said (well, what do *you* think she said?). Surprise! She said "I will!" And she did and they lived happily ever after.

Next week we begin the story of Cinderlad.

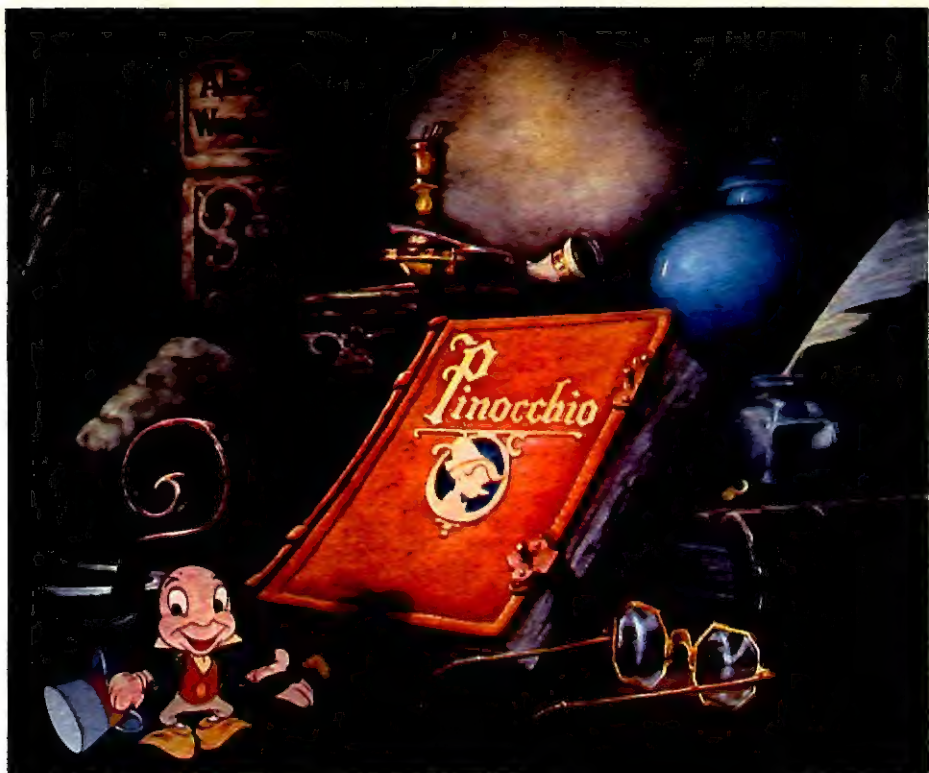
Who is Pinocchio?



2. And off he goes to bed, never dreaming for a moment that he was being watched by a tiny cricket named Jiminy who has hopped into the old man's shop earlier in the evening in search of a nice warm hearth where he could bed down for the night.

Long after Geppetto goes to sleep, Jiminy Cricket lies awake thinking. It makes him sad to realise that the kindly old man's wish can never come true. But suddenly Jiminy hears music—mysterious music! Then he sees a star—the Evening Star—floating down the sky and entering Geppetto's window.

In the centre of its blinding glow is a lovely lady clad in clothes of flowing blue. She is a fairy and it is she who has come to make Geppetto's wish come true because he has given so much happiness to others. "*Little puppet made of pine, Awake! the gift of life is thine,*" she says and Pinocchio comes to life. Thereafter, Pinocchio and Jiminy have lots of exciting adventures together until the wonderful day when, having proved himself brave and true, the Blue Fairy changes Pinocchio into a *real* boy.



1. It is now three months since "The Wonderful World of Disney" first appeared on the bookstalls everywhere. During this time it has surprised the editor to learn that several children he has spoken to seem to know very little about Pinocchio and Jiminy Cricket and Geppetto.

Your editor believes that readers will enjoy "The Playful Pranks of Pinocchio" far more if they know where Pinocchio came from and how it was that he, a little wooden puppet, was brought to life.

The story of Pinocchio was written in Italy nearly a hundred years ago by Carlo Collodi and today it is one of the most popular children's books in the world. Walt Disney turned it into a beautiful cartoon film. Many people believe that *Pinocchio* is Walt's greatest film.

It was first shown in cinemas throughout the world in 1940 and since then millions of children everywhere have thrilled to the exciting adventures of Pinocchio and his ever-faithful little friend Jiminy Cricket.

The story opens as late one night Geppetto, an old woodcarver, is making a puppet which has the figure of a little boy. "Woodenhead," says he, "you are finished and deserve a name. What shall I call you? I know—*Pinocchio*. I once knew an entire family by that name—Father Pinocchio, Mother Pinocchio and the Pinocchio children. They all turned out well. Perhaps it will be a lucky name for you."

"Do you like your new name?" asks Geppetto and he works the puppet's strings so that it nods "Yes."

"That settles it," says Geppetto happily, "Pinocchio you are!" He puts the little puppet down on his bench and looks at it fondly. "Just look at you," says he. "You seem almost real. Wouldn't it be nice if you were alive?"





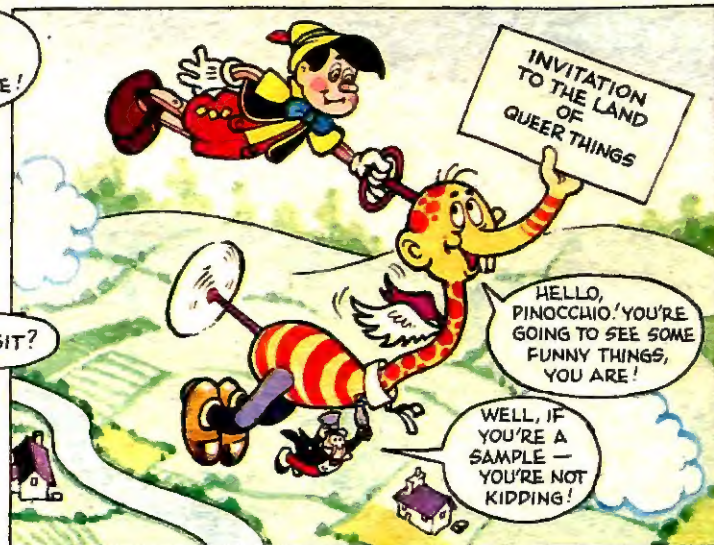
THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



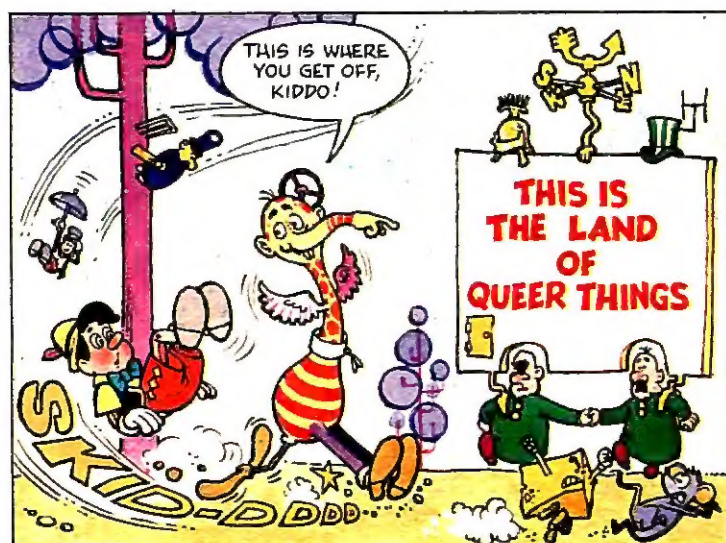
The day was fine, bright shone the sun,
Pinocchio was out for fun,
The time was ten past one o'clock
As he sat down upon a rock.



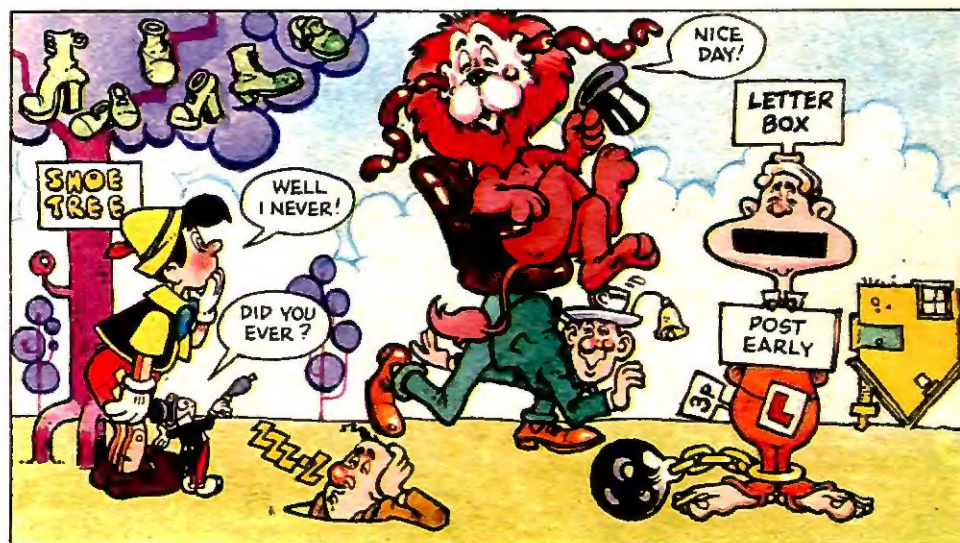
But then the lad had quite a shock,
That great big stone was not a rock,
It was a spotted egg that broke
And hatched a thing called "Okey-doke."



"Hallo, hallo, Pinocchio!
Jump on my back and off we go!"
So sang this funny how-d'ye-do,
And singing sweet, away it flew.

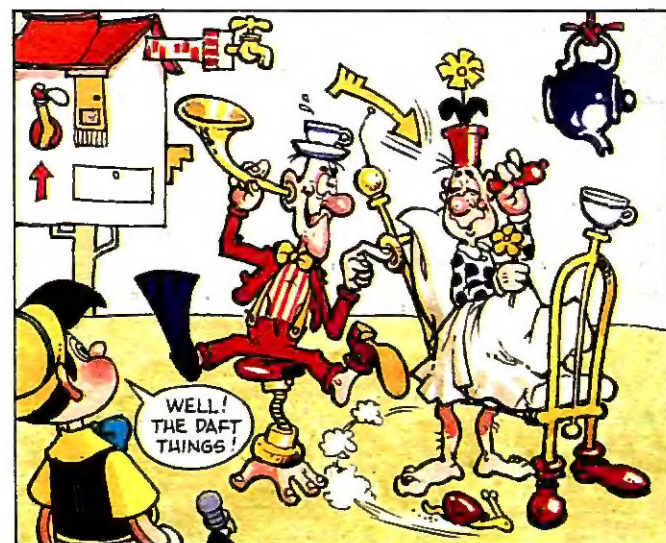


Now though the lad thought this was queer
He grabbed the steering wheel to steer,
But bird flew on—he seemed to know
The place to which he meant to go.



Then Pino giggled, "Well, I never!"
And cricket cried, "No, never ever!"
As crazy bird came to a stop
And off its back did Pino hop.

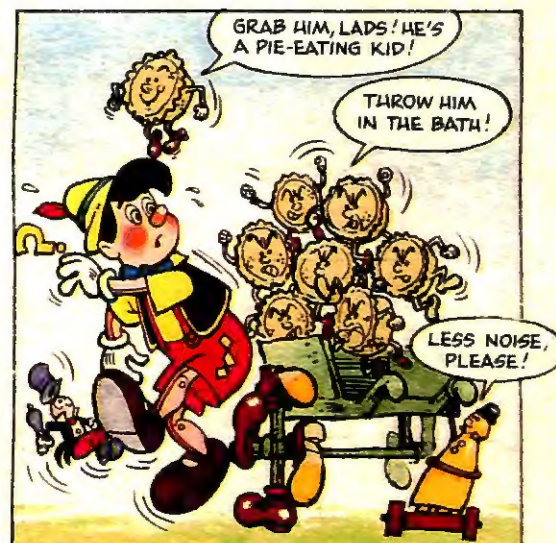
There sat a lion in a chair
Without a trouble or a care,
While human letter-box stood nigh,
For postman shortly would come by.



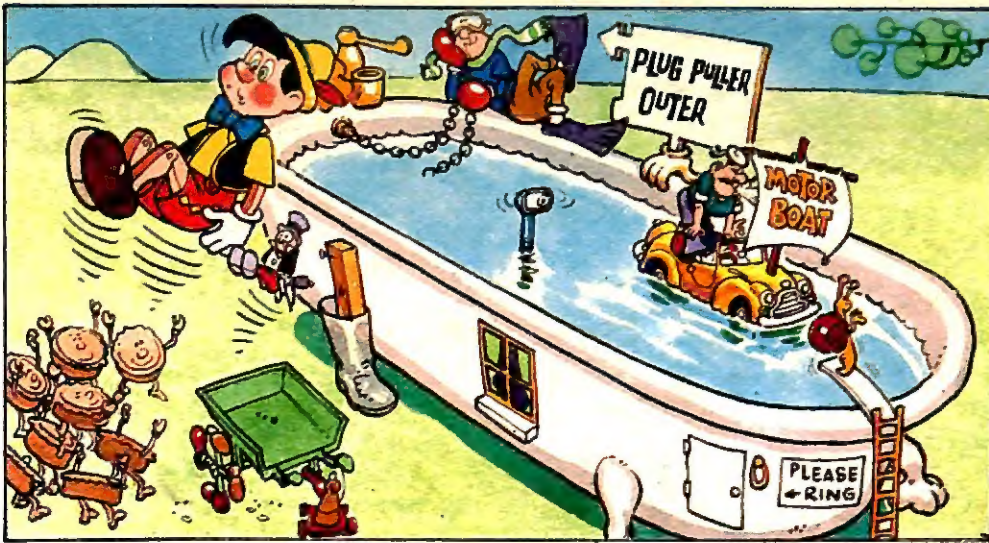
A chap sat by a patient's bed
With tea-cup balanced on his head
And phoned him from a place so near
He could have shouted in his ear.



Then Pino spied with both his eyes
A barrow-load of juicy pies,
Said Jiminy "Well, well, tee, hee!"
It seems to me those pies are free!"

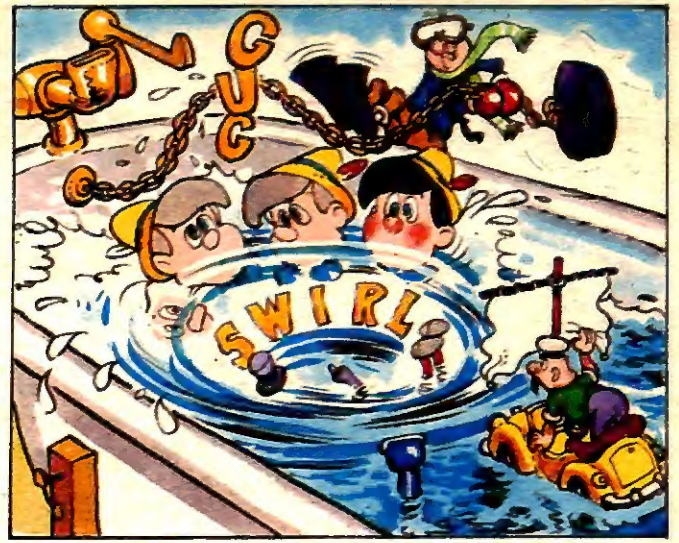


The pies jumped up, so very cross
And said to Pino, "Hey, old hoss,
It's into bath with you right now!"
By gum, they made an awful row.

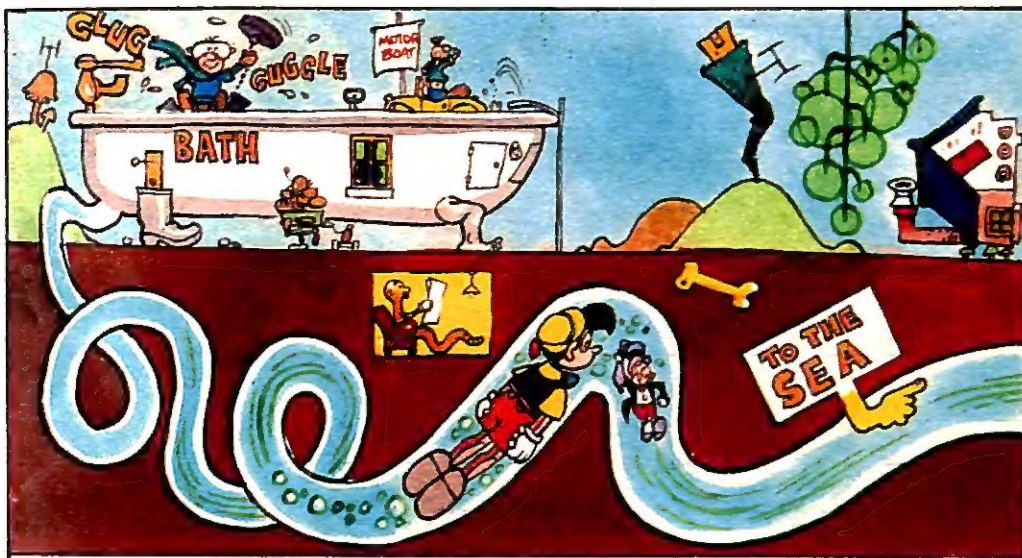


"So one, two three—then up we go!"
And upward sailed Pinocchio.
It was a big surprise, you bet,
To land in water very wet.

Then tiny man cried "Here's a mug!"
And promptly heaved and pulled out plug.
Then round and round went little lad.
'Twas such a whirling time he had.

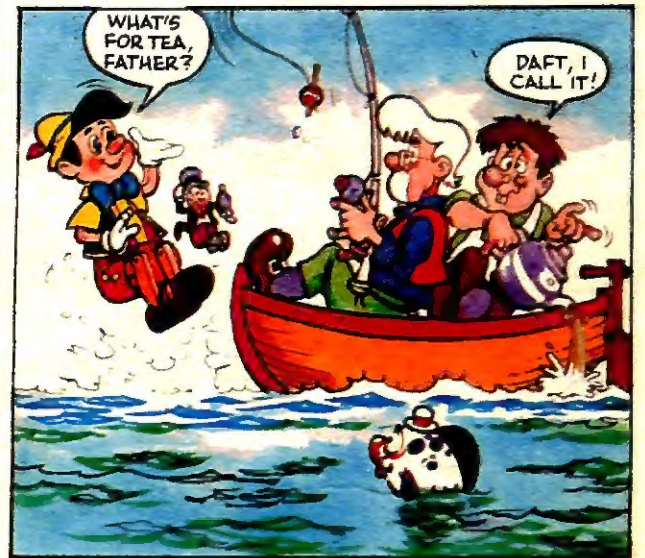


Gasped Pino "Well, it's very plain
That now I'm going down the drain!"
And soon he disappeared from sight.
Oh, what a whirly-gurgly plight!



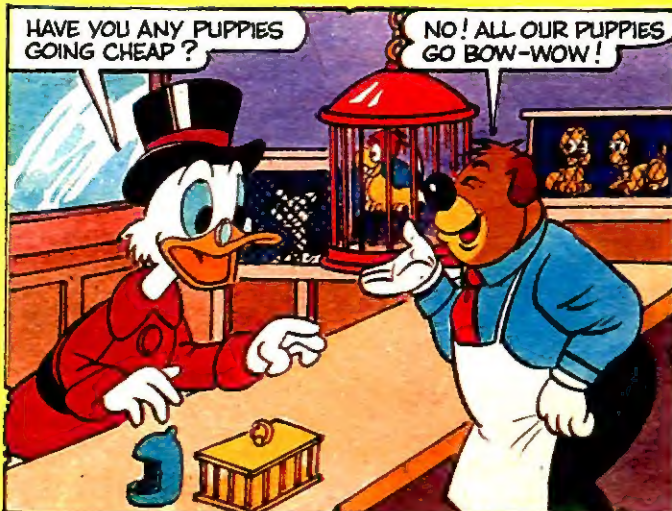
So down the drain and on his way
Pinocchio zoomed through sand and clay.
Cried he, "I'm like a waterspout,
I wonder where I'm coming out?"

And Jiminy felt very sad
For he'd accompanied the lad.
A very gallant cricket, he!
They sped along towards the sea.



"Well, hello, dad, and what's for tea?"
Cried Pino, merry as could be.
As out of sea he jumped up high.
Said father: "Shrimps and fish-cake pie!"

MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS



The cow moos "Hey! What is this stuff? Of drinking it, I've had enough!"

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

I'M GOING TO GIVE THAT
FARMER A HELPING HAND.

OK, WALRUS!
SEE YOU IN THE
LAST PICTURE!

TO START WITH, MR. WALRUS, WILL
YOU MILK THE COWS?



OH —AND GIVE THEM A DRINK, TOO!

COWS'
DRINKING
WATER

COW
SHED

WHAT IS THAT
WHITE STUFF?

SEEMS DAFT
TO ME!

AND WHERE IS
THE MILK?

THEY DRANK IT ALL BACK!
HA! HA!

COW
SHED

FOR YOUR FUTURE GUIDANCE, COWS DRINK
THIS WET COLD STUFF
CALLED **WATER!**

COWS'
DRINKING
WATER

FISH
FOR
WALRUS